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## Cornucopia

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*College of DuPage*

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## Cornucopia

*by Michael A. Metzler*

Oh beautiful feast, the least  
we can do is make your parting  
painless, our hands stainless.

The very least.

Brontosaurus, Stegosaurus—Rhinoceros.  
Your name is like theirs.  
Your fame will follow theirs.  
Extinct. On the brink  
of destruction we find you.  
We cornered you.  
And for what, Black Rhino?

Your wonderful horn of plenty.

Its power to make us well, excel. We fell  
you like almighty oak in  
a quest for your strongest branch.  
But we can't take your branch  
without taking you. Your power. Your being.

I see you fade now, your soul poached  
in a dusty sack. On the back  
of your betrayer it swings free.  
As you are free now. Tormented no more  
by the chase, your face finds peace  
beneath the blood.  
You like where you once stood  
strong and black and beautiful.  
But your horn for us was bountiful.  
So we took  
And we'll take.  
And we'll take.

Oh, Black Rhino, go.  
Go find your peace.  
For you'll have none here  
as long as we are taking.  
And we'll have none here  
as long as we are taking.

